

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

VOL. XXXV

JANUARY, 1927

No. 7

Publication office Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

WHAT TO THINK ABOUT

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Phil. 4:8.

SAINT PAUL seems as if he could not break off his glad, humble, grateful letter to the beloved Philippians, whose generosity to him had touched his heart. Several times he seems to be on the point of ending it, but cannot resist the desire to give one more solemn and hopeful message. He has already told them to rejoice in the Lord; to let their gentleness be known unto all men; to lay aside all nervous anxiety about their future, secure in faith and prayer; and so, he says, the peace of God, better than any device of man, shall stand sentry over their hearts. Then follows this verse. He tells them what to think of, what to value and make of great account, what to practise in their lives. And if they do this, he says, the God of peace will certainly be with them.

"Whatsoever things are true." The word has a fuller and deeper meaning in the Bible than now it has. "Truth" with us means the opposite of falsity in speech; but in Scripture it means the opposite of all unreality, all sham, all semblance. Saint Paul bids them to think habitually of all that is real; on the substance, not on the shadow; on the eternal, not on the transitory; on God, not on the world. He means the same as David meant when he prayed, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (that is, from dwelling on what is hollow and empty), "but quicken Thou me in Thy law." He means the same as our Lord meant when He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth consume and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." In this, as in all

else that is valuable, the sacred authority of Revelation does but emphasize the universal experience of the world.

Well, then, if you would not be utterly disappointed, utterly and inevitably, and most miserably, "Whatsoever things are real"—God, eternity, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—"think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are honorable." The Greek word means "noble." It is an exhortation to dignity of thought as opposite to meanness of thought. It invites to self-respect. Most of the many base things which men say are said anonymously, or on false pretenses, with the pretence of aims more reputable than those by which they are really influenced. Men and women often deceive even themselves. They act and speak and write ignobly, and persuade themselves that they are actuated by sincere and lofty motives. A high sense of our dignity as redeemed, ennobled beings would render impossible nine tenths of the small, mean, envious baseness of which the whole world is full. Almost every vice and sin is, of its very nature, not only sinful, but also unseemly and degrading. It is the tendency of all sin to drag us down, to make us often the more contemptible, the more proud we are.

When a man fills all his thoughts, and therefore all his life, with wicked aims and forbidden desires, he ignores the essential dignity of his nature. Let us strive to cherish more and more in our hearts, ere it be too late, that honest self-respect which shrinks from every baseness as from a stain.

"No one will ever know;" so argues the subtle tempter. But the answer is, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Though none ever know it, I shall know it; God will know it; it will lie forever like a spark of fire upon my conscience; the sense of it will humiliate me; the guilt of it will drag down my life.

And "whatsoever things are *just*." Justice is one of the most elementary human duties; aye, and one of the rarest. Men's thoughts are commonly swayed by their interests, tainted by their prejudices; they judge by their appearances; they are warped by unreasonable antipathies; they use false balances and unjust weights in judging one another.

Try to be what so very few are, habitually fair. "Whatsoever things are *just*, think on these things."

And "Whatsoever things are *pure*." Ah! that this warning might reach the heart of every one of you, and inspire you with the resolute effort to banish from your minds everything that defileth!

And "whatsoever things are *lovely*"—winning, attractive thoughts that live and are radiant in the light. If you think of such things, the baser and viler things will have no charm for you. Try, then, above all, "the expulsive power of good affections." Empty by filling; empty of what is mean and impure by filling with what is noble and lovely.

Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshly will only seem revolting. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect: the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, and sunset, and ocean. Oh, do this, and there shall be no room for the thoughts of carnal ugliness, which deprave corrupted souls!

And "whatsoever things are of *good report*." Here is the difference between the children of the world and the children of the kingdom. The world delights in whatsoever things are of ill report—base stories, evil surmises, scandalous hints. The world revels in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It finds nothing piquant for its base and jaded appetite in the beauty of fair deeds and noble purposes; but tricks, and ingenious lies, and backbiting, and stabbing reputations in the dark. Do not you be content to degrade yourselves into "sponges saturated from the stagnant goose-pond of gossip." You, if you would be noble, if you would be a Christian at all, have nothing to do with these things! "Hear as little as you possibly can to the prejudice of others; believe nothing of the kind unless you are forced to

believe it; never circulate—nor approve of those who do circulate—loose reports; moderate as far as you can the censure of others; always believe that if the other side were heard a very different account would be given of the matter." That is thoroughly good advice. Above all, remember thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Whatsoever things are of good report, think of these things.

Above all, think, take account of these things! For these things, Saint Paul tells you, are the secret of the peace of God. Thought passes into action. The thought becomes the word, the word the deed, the deed the habit, the habit the character, the character the eternal being of our souls. The evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars, is not lovelier than the character of him whose whole being is passed in the region of eternal realities; who knows the reverence which is due from every man to his own soul; who loves the thing that is lawful and right, in singleness of heart; who keeps the temple of his soul pure and bright with the Presence of the Holy One; who loves all that is beautiful whether in nature or in art; who hates whatever is ignoble, and who loves his neighbor as himself.

What has such a man to fear? The eternal forces are with him!—*Frederic W. Farrar.*

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

OTHERS may wish you peace and ease,

With a gentler break for the year ahead;
Silken sails upon stormless seas

Or rose-rimmed paths where your feet may tread.

I wish you the fiber the valiant need
To drive your way through the bitter blasts;
I wish you the heart of the fighting breed
To carry through while the battle lasts.

Here and there we can rest and dream;
But most of it is a finish fight,
War to the hilt where the red flares stream
Over a field that is thick with blight.
Life, as it happens, is raw and crude,
With sin and sorrow, defeat and shame,
Where the only answer is fortitude
And the old, old courage to play the game.

I could wish you luck that was spun of gold,
With softer paths for your feet to know;
I could wish you peace through an endless fold,
With never a cloud on the azure glow.
But oh, for the heart that can meet the crash
When storms come down from the hills at dawn!

Oh, for the soul that can face the slash
When life walks in with its sabre drawn!

—*Selected.*

TRUTH is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

HEALTH TALK NO. 3

YOUR EYES

EVERY bright young owner of a camera knows something about its lens. If he didn't at least know how to focus it, he couldn't take decent photographs. Your eyes are live cameras. The pictures which they show you are vastly more important than photographs. Without these picturers, our living, our health, even our lives would be in danger. Yet most of us know so little about our eyes that we may be totally blind in one, or have only half-normal vision in both of them, and stay so for years, without once being aware of it. . . .

These wonderful eyes of ours often have slight mechanical defects. Correcting them may not only save children from being retarded in school; it may prevent serious damage.

See to it, then, that the children you know have their eyes tested when starting school. . . . A routine eye test for all children of school age is essential. If either parent is near-sighted, it is especially important that their children get early and expert attention. If a child's eyes turn in or out, delay may be serious. The child should be taken to an expert before he is three years old.

School eye tests are rough. They show only that certain children should be more carefully examined by experts.* The tests do not always even succeed in that. So wise teachers and school nurses insist on children whose eyes test normal, but who are backward or who scowl or squint or have headaches—they insist on those children being sent to experts. Parents and friends should do likewise. And they should take every care to find experts, real experts. Only the trained specialist can be trusted to diagnose eye disease, to prescribe glasses, to change them when necessary, and to refuse to prescribe them when they are not necessary. Examining the eyes, especially children's eyes, is a delicate matter. Frequent change of glasses, except in case of increasing near-sightedness, is unnecessary and undesirable. And unnecessary glasses are a costly nuisance.

Eye tests are as necessary for grown-ups as for children. A surprising number of people have driven themselves through school and even through college in spite of serious eye defects; and are hammering away unconsciously at jobs which strain their defective eyes. Are you or I doing that? Look out for signals of possible danger,—scowling, squinting, headaches and loss of clear vision in one eye, or both. Look out especially for slow deterioration of sight, in people past middle age. Coming insidiously and without pain, it may mean a most serious disease of the eyes, which only expert examination can reveal, and which only prompt and expert care can possibly cure. Don't tolerate

delay. Far too many people whose eyesight is poor or next to nothing today, would see as well as you or I if they had only been prompt in securing the best expert professional advice and care.

Avoid quacks and nostrums. Your eyes are precious,—too precious to risk in half-trained hands. Second-rate advice is the most expensive in the end. And patent or proprietary eye drugs and washes sell at from five to ten times the cost of their ingredients.

Remember that the eye is not simply a camera. It is a living and delicate part of the body. As such, it requires sensible use. All of us, and children especially, should sit in a healthy position when reading, with light coming preferably from over the left shoulder, and with the book held at least fourteen inches from the eyes. Abuse of the eyes—fine, near work, work in bad light or in a glare—tires not only the eyes but the whole man. Bodily fatigue and disease, on the other hand, reacts on eyesight. Lowered vitality is really at the bottom of what is often taken for eyestrain. Tuberculosis and other bodily diseases attack not merely the lungs, the bones and special glands, but also the eyes. But good hygiene, reasonable habits of eating, sleeping and fresh air, work and play,—these help to maintain the whole body, including those precious eyes of ours, in health and vigor.

To sum up. If in doubt about your eyes, be satisfied with only the best advice. If glasses are really necessary, wear them. If not, go without. Your eyes are willing servants. Don't abuse them. Within reason and in good conditions, use them; use them fearlessly and unconsciously. They won't rebel.—From "*Listen In,*" by Henry Copley Greene.

MOTHER-LOVE

WOMAN, where'er in God's good world you stand,
Who breathe a two-fold breath with some dear child,

And feel soft, dimpled fingers clasp your hand,
Or on your neck a climbing arm entwine—
Like reaching tendril of a fair young vine—
And hear the voice that calls for "mother,"
wild

With happy talk and laughter . . . Ask no more.

Blessed are you who hold a living creed!
For all truth, this is a truth, indeed!
Whatever Life may give or take away
(Counting its keenest hurt all joy above,
Glad its blest anguish and dear pain to prove),
Nothing the heart can dream, or feel, or know,
Is half so deep, so dear as Mother-love.

—Mary Ainge De Vere.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

1. Ruby C. Paris of Alpharetta, Ga., R. 1, would appreciate any good reading matter that is sent to her. As she is getting better since her illness in the first part of the year, she would like to have any kind of thread for fancy work, as sewing and reading are her pastimes. She thanks all those who have sent her such nice things before now.

2. Mrs. N. M. Shaw of Gainsville, Texas, R. 4, would appreciate books on manual training or carpenter work for her oldest son, also any books or pictures that would be helpful to the younger children in their school work. Books or magazines for herself would be gratefully received.

3. Mrs. Mary Camden, Madison Heights, Va., hopes the *Cheerful Letter* people have not forgotten her and her children. She has not heard from anyone for a long time. Cards and magazines for all the household will be appreciated.

4. I am a little girl 9 years old. I am in the fourth grade. We live on rented land. I am the only girl in the family. I have three brothers younger than me. I would be glad if some of the

dear *Cheerful Letter* friends would send me some embroidery thread and crochet thread. I would enjoy little story books for myself and little brothers. Irene Kilby, Rugby, Va., R. F. D. 1.

5. I will take this way to thank some who send me reading, with name and address torn off, and I couldn't write. I appreciated it all so much and hope to be remembered again. My four-year-old boy enjoyed the cards sent him very much. With many thanks, Mrs. R. D. Gillispie, Pedlar Mills, Va.

6. Stella Parsons, Grassy Creek, N. C., expresses her thanks for all sent to her by members of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. She hopes to be remembered this winter with magazines and books.

7. Mrs. Annie L. Thomas of Springwood, Va., writes asking for a correspondent. She would also enjoy copies of the *Modern Priscilla*, *Comfort*, or any good household magazine. She would like suitable reading for her fifteen-year-old son.

8. I am a great sufferer from rheumatism and

nervousness, and will have to stay at home all winter. I would be glad to get magazines, novels, or any kind of good reading matter; also would like to get quilt scraps and embroidery thread, anything to pass off the lonely winter hours while my little girl is in school. Would like to get *Household Journal*, and *McCall* magazine for my daughter. I also wish to thank the kind people who have sent me things in the past. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Lamsonville, N. C.

9. Mrs. G. R. Stike, Crumpler, Va., is sick and afflicted. She would be glad of any reading matter that can be sent to her, or bits of sewing.

10. I would be glad if some of you dear *Cheerful Letter* readers will send me some good books or magazines to read. I don't object to books that have been used. I give as reference Rev. M. C. Powers, Brandon, N. C. Thanking you in advance for anything you all can do for me, Dortha Toliver, Jefferson, N. C.

11. It has been quite a while since I heard from any of you, and should like very much to be remembered through the long winter, as I don't get out much. I have two small children, a girl and a boy: Emma, aged four years, and James, three years. I desire a correspondent, also pictures and cards for the children, and some good reading for myself. Thanking all for past favors, and with best wishes to my *Cheerful Letter* friends, Mrs. Annie L. Rhodes, Snowden, Va.

12. I have moved my postoffice from Haight, Va., to Sanville, Va., and would like to hear from some *Cheerful Letter* friends. I used to hear from the *Cheerful Letter*, but I haven't heard in a long time. I hope I'm not forgotten. I would appreciate so much anything to pass the lonesome hours away in my old age. I hope I'm not asking too much. I hope God may bless you in your good work. (Mrs.) Martha A. Clark.

13. Mrs. Maude Wann, Waxahachie, Texas, General Delivery, would like reading of any kind for herself and husband. She would especially like books of reference on the New Testament, to use in her Sunday School work, and Bible pictures.

14. Clara M. Willis, Chase City, Va., sends her thanks for all the educational magazines sent to her recently.

15. I am 56 years old, and love to read. I would appreciate some good books, magazines, and designs for embroidering, if I am not asking too much. Thanking you and hoping to be remembered, Mrs. Etta Baldwin, Grassy Creek, N. C.

16. Miss Rossie Blevins, Silas Creek, N. C., a poor, laboring woman, would appreciate any good books or magazines the *Cheerful Letter* members can send to her.

17. Mr. W. B. Mize, Dodson, Va., a war veteran, nearly eighty-three years old, finds himself lonely and disconsolate. He looks to the

Cheerful Letter Exchange for comfort and cheer, and asks that reading matter be sent to him. 44

18. I live in the mountains, in a very poor settlement of people. Some of them never go to church, or anywhere else. Some of the children have never been to Sunday School. Some of the children have never seen a pictured magazine, and the people do not receive a copy of any paper. They are not able to clothe and buy books to send their children to school. I would be glad of anything that would help the people and cheer the little ones, help build up their minds and get them interested in school and church work. I would like books and magazines for the parents, cards and story books for the children. Thanking you in advance, (Mrs.) Arthur Cole, White-top, Va.

19. I wish to extend my most heartfelt thanks to my unknown friends for the beautiful remnants and literature just received, I appreciate all the kindness from each and every one. (Miss) Ossie Carpenter, Grassy Creek, N. C.

20. I would be glad of a book or two, by Grace S. Richmond, or "Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter. Those are my favorite authors. Thanking you for the help I have received. I give for reference my pastor, Rev. W. E. Lackey, Bobwhite, Va. Mrs. Thomas W. Hatcher, Bobwhite, Va.

21. I want to thank all who remembered me in the past. I especially want to thank the lady by the name of Mrs. Bailey, who sent me the embroidery thread some time ago. I have written her, but the letter went to another Mrs. Bailey.

I would be very glad if someone would send me a first reader or speller for my little girl, six years old. I am trying to teach her at home, as she has no one to go with her to school. Would also be glad of cheer of any kind, if I am not asking too much.

We live in a very lonely place, and I want something to pass away the winter days. I hope to be remembered. Mrs. Walter Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

22. I am writing you for cheer. I am the wife of a young minister. We are poor people, and would be glad to receive any leftover reading matter. As my husband is away from home most of the time, I get very lonesome by myself. Anything for cheer or comfort would be appreciated. For reference please write Rev. Avery Powers, Grassy Creek, N. C. Sincerely yours, Mrs. A. L. Powers.

23. I wish to thank my *Cheerful Letter* friends for the glad tidings they have given me, quilt scraps and good reading. I surely have enjoyed it. I am a cripple, and have been almost all my life. I am living with my married sister. I am 45 years old, not married. I hope my friends will not forget me. I love to get letters from my

dear *Cheerful Letter* friends. I will try to answer all of them. My new address is Martha Howser, Riceville, Tenn.

24. Rev. W. H. Darnell is an old minister. He has only one son, and he has a large family and can't do much for his father. He would appreciate reading matter, or any kind of help; he is not able to work. He stays with the children a lot, and religious literature would help him pass lonely hours. I would be glad to have some reading matter for myself, or stories for my little three-year-old girl. You can write to Rev. Lee Dolinger for W. H. Darnell's reference, at Sturgills, N. C. (Address) Rev. W. H. Darnell, Silas Creek, N. C. Yours truly, Ada Brooks, Sturgills, N. C.

25. I am very glad to try and write once more to the *Cheerful Letter*, as it has been a good while since I have heard from any of you. It seems as if I am entirely forgotten, and you know how sad it is to feel forsaken. I miss your inspiring and cheery letters, which I so much appreciated from friends. I live in the country, and as the winter days are approaching I would like good reading. May God bless you all. Yours truly, Mrs. Alberta Davis, Polkton, N. C., R. 2, Box 45.

26. I am writing you to see if I might receive some cheer of any kind. I am a widow and the mother of nine children, six living. My husband was killed, and left me to raise my children by days' work. If anyone would send me a little cheer it would be greatly appreciated, cheer of any kind, for I am very lonely and live far off in a lonely place. Hoping to hear from you, Mrs. Susan Yesterman, Lansing, N. C.

27. I want to thank all the good ladies for all the good reading we have received, and many other good things. I have only two children at home now, a girl, 15, whose name is Fern and my little one, who will be seven December 18. I want to ask for a correspondent for my married daughter. She wishes for some good lady to write to her. She has moved from Rhome, Texas, and everybody is a stranger to her. Her husband is a great reader, and would be glad of any kind of good books or magazines. She has one baby boy, fourteen months old. His name is Loys. Her address is Mrs. Frances Vess, Duke, Okla. Care of H. E. Warren, Duke, Okla. Yours truly, Mrs. Mary J. Bond, Decatur, Texas.

28. Sadie Lee Colson of Wadesboro, N. C., R. 2, Box 138, hopes the *Cheerful Letter* friends will remember her mother and self with books and good reading matter through the winter.

29. I am a widow, 57 years of age. I live at a lonely place, and do not often get to church. I would appreciate good reading, letters and quilt pieces. Mrs. K. E. Adams, Stuart, Va., R. 1, Box 30.

Change of Address

Mrs. Eva Collins' address is Wauchula, Fla., care of Mrs. Moore Altman.

Mrs. Frances Vess' address, formerly Rhome, Texas, is now Duke, Okla., care of H. E. Warren.

Mrs. Martha A. Clark's address is Sanville, Va.

THE NEW YEAR

"A Flower unknown; a Book unread;
A Tree with fruit unharvested;
A Path untrod; a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;
A Casket with its gifts concealed;—
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates."

—Contributed.

SWORDS TO PLOWSHARES

THE conversion of swords into plowshares has seldom been more than a figure of speech. A recent announcement of the Department of War, however, offers an illustration of a literal turning of war materials to the uses of peace.

In Government warehouses, since the war, large quantities of powder have accumulated, which time has rendered unserviceable. An important element in it, however, is sodium nitrate, which is also an essential of most commercial fertilizers. In order to make this useless munition serve a useful commercial purpose, the chief of ordnance is offering it for sale at a price which recognizes its value only as salvage.

Instead of being employed in work of destruction, gunpowder is to be used for enriching the soil.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE truth which in our calm and sober hours we have accepted, we ought not to let go because in hours of trial and darkness we cannot see it. Cling to it still, and you will see it again by and by.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

"SHURE, ma'am, what's the manin' of the writin' on the bottom of this?" asked the maid, referring to the inscription at the bottom of a piece of statuary.

"'Kismet' means 'fate,'" replied the mistress.

Bridget was limping painfully a few days later, and when asked by her mistress what the trouble was, she replied: "Faith I have the most terrible corns on me kismet."

WITH OUR HOME-MAKERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Pork Cake.—One cup chopped pork, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon each of ground cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon and allspice, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup boiling water, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour. This makes two loaves.

Mock Cherry Pie.—One cup raisins and 1 cup cranberries, ground together. One cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 3 teaspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, a piece of butter. This makes filling for one large or two small pies.

Mock Fried Oysters.—An excellent imitation of fried oysters that can scarcely be told from the real dish may be prepared as follows: select a medium-sized head of cauliflower; wash and cut into small pieces; cover with a generous supply of water to which a little salt has been added and boil. When soft enough to mash easily, drain and mash thoroughly. Beat one egg lightly and add to the mashed cauliflower. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, 1 tablespoon of flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of finely-powdered cracker crumbs. Drop the batter by spoonfuls into more cracker crumbs, roll, shape and fry as one would oysters. The flavor is excellent, and even the appearance resembles the real oyster.

Baked Squash.—Wash a medium-sized squash and cut it into pieces for serving; remove the seeds and the fibrous portion. Wash the pieces well. Bake in a moderate oven until the squash is easily pierced with a fork. Remove the soft part from the shells, mash, season to taste with salt and butter and beat until the mass is fluffy. Pile lightly in the required number of shells and return to the oven to keep hot until serving time.

HANDY HINTS

Remove medicine stains with alcohol.

Naphtha or ether will remove paint from clothing, no matter how hard.

To remove ring after cleaning—hold material or piece of clothing in the steam of a kettle for a few moments. The material should be perfectly dry before it is held in the steam.

When turnips, carrots, peas or string beans seem tasteless, they can be enormously improved just by the addition of a very little granulated sugar. Be careful not to use too much. This may be done with either fresh or canned vegetables.

The same thing is true of meats. A pinch of granulated sugar sprinkled over an inferior quality of bacon or ham while cooking will make either taste like the very best sugar-cured product. It also improves cheap cuts of meat used for either roasting or boiling. Use only a

little sugar, however, never so much that it can be detected in the food.

After freezing ice cream, empty the cracked ice into sack or fine sieve. When ice has melted nearly all the salt remains, to be used again.

Cheese will keep from moulding if wrapped in a cloth dipped in vinegar and kept in a covered dish.

ALPHA-OMEGA

"In the beginning God."—Genesis 1: 1.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last."
—Rev. 1: 11.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."—Matt. 6: 33.

"In the beginning, God!" The First, the Last!
Today the Spirit hath this message brought.
And this the lesson of the year now past:

That goodness, love, and mercy God hath wrought.

"In the beginning" of this glad New Year,
O God, we seek Thy guidance on our way;
That through its devious paths we may not fear
To follow where Thou ledest, day by day.

"In the beginning" of each day we'd come
Before Thy Throne, and Thy rich blessing seek,
Lest life's unnumbered cares should cause to roam
Our thoughts from Thee, and lest our faith grow weak,

And we should falter ere the day be done;
Lest, unsustained, we faint beneath its load,
And we the vic'try lose, which should be won,
Not for ourself alone, but for our God.

"In the beginning" of each day our hands
Would seek to know, and do, Thy holy will;
Our feet would swiftly run at Thy commands;
Our "Master's business" joying to fulfil.

We would seek "first the kingdom" of our God—
The kingdom of His rule within our heart;
Each day we'd grow more like our gracious Lord,
While learning at His feet "the better part."

"In the beginning" of each year begun,
We'd please Thee first in all we say and do;
We'd have Thee with us last at set of sun,
And rest us in Thy care the long night through.

"In the beginning, God!" "The Living Word!"
Our "Alpha and Omega"—"First and Last!"
With Thee, our dear Redeemer, God and Lord,
We have the year begun, and that now past.
Jennie Wilson-Howell, in the Boston Transcript.

"THE OHIO BEE KING"

MR. E. R. ROOT, the "Ohio Bee King," is, so we are told, an acknowledged authority on bees and honey, and he has astonished audiences all over the country by his success in training these fiery insects to make their stingers behave.

"Just convince the bees of your good intentions, and they can be handled as safely as kittens," is his formula. It is told of him that he "has washed his hands in hundreds of bees," and "he has often put them nonchalantly in his mouth,—and all without incurring their enmity."

In an article by Miss Eva H. Clark, in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, we read:

"Persons frequently criticize the bee exhibitions given by Root, saying that his bees are especially prepared, or doped.

"I finally met the challenge one day," smiled Root, 'by offering to handle the worst bees that could be found in the State. A bee man was found who said that his bees the day before had "et him up." I demonstrated to the audience that I could handle even these with bare hands and face.'

"Just before a lecture given at Barberton, Ohio, it was announced that Root would give the Kiwanis Club, before which he spoke, a dollar for each time he was stung. A colony of very wild and vicious bees was brought in by a local man, and Root handled and tamed them.

"And the result?" I asked.

"I was not stung by the "vicious bees" at all,' quietly returned Root. 'I didn't lose a dollar.'

"But how do you account for all the bees returning to you just when you wish?"

"Oh, that!" Root's eyes twinkled. 'When the other bees fly into the air, the queen bee remains in the box. The bees fly around and start to swarm. When I see they are about ready to return to their container and to their queen, I simply wave my hand. But the bees return to me because they miss their queen, not because I wave my hand. However, to handle 5,000 bees before the footlights without a cage and without any one getting stung is in itself a trade, as you will find out if you try it.'

"Another stunt of Root's is to 'feed' the bees. He makes them form in line like a lot of little pigs and they quickly lap up the syrup which he sets before them. They consume a half pint in fifteen minutes. After the meal Root caused the bees to dance, a thing which they will do after feeding. 'The dance,' Root said, 'is a joy signal to their fellows.'"

On only one occasion, and under unusual circumstances, was his confidence in his protégés betrayed. We read further:

"Some time ago he was lecturing at Cleveland, Ohio, and, following his usual custom, he asked that some one in the audience lend him a hat.

'I did this,' explained Root, 'because someone would have been sure to think there was something tricky about the hat had I used my own for the stunt. There was something peculiar about the hat which was handed up to me, however, and I knew as soon as I saw it that I was in for it. For the hat was old and soiled and the band inside was badly streaked with perspiration. However, I had to go through with it, so I put the hat full of bees on my head and no sooner was it on than I felt what was like a hundred little pin pricks in my scalp. Bees are cleanly little creatures and they were only resenting, in their own way, what we human beings would have disliked very much could we imagine ourselves in similar circumstances. They did not like the odor of the soiled hat. Never again have I used any one's hat but my own for that particular stunt.'

"During his lifetime study of bees and their habits Root has learned that queen bees are rather like women of the human species in some respects. 'For instance,' he explained, 'two queen bees do not get along peacefully in the same hive at the same time. Mother and daughter may, however, live together peacefully for some weeks, but mother-in-law and daughter-in-law, never. When two queens get to fighting they not only try to sting each other, but they will pull each other's hair in real woman fashion.'

"Bees as well as women, it appears, lay great stress on the little formalities of convention. It is seldom, according to Root, that a strange queen bee can be liberated in a queenless colony without being formally introduced.

"Much like the splendor of Old World courts is the dignity of ceremony and pomp which attends the queen bee in her palace. For around her sits a group of worshipful worker bees, always facing the queen. These ladies-in-waiting usually consist of the younger worker bees, and their duty is to wait upon their sovereign.

"Many other interesting facts are cited by the bee king. A queen bee can lay her own weight of eggs in one day, says Root. She will lay, in the first two months in the spring, from 300 to 1,000 eggs in a day; and in the next month, or just before the main honey flow, she may average 2,000 eggs, and on some days 3,000 eggs. Thus, strange as it may seem, a single queen bee can be the mother of 100,000 workers, or undeveloped females, in a hive. If the old bees did not die off at the age of a month or six weeks in the height of the honey flow, she might have twice that number."

Concerning the temperament and habits of bees, and the economic law governing a hive, we are told:

"There are three kinds of bees in a hive—the worker bee, the queen, and the drone. The worker bees gather honey, nurse the young bees

and do all of the housework around the hive. The only function of the queen is to lay eggs and so produce new bees. Quite useless would be the drone, for he does no work at all, were it not for the fact that he mates with the queen. He brings in no honey, and so might be called a consumer and not a producer.

"Bees realize that the drone is somewhat of a parasite, so they have adopted the policy of Capt. John Smith, who said, when some of his Jamestown colonists refused to do their share of the community work, 'Those who do not work shall not eat.' For after the main honey flow the drones, or male bees, are always killed off by the bees themselves, unless the hive is queenless or has an unmated queen.

"Contrary to general opinion, the sweet water which the bees gather in flowers is not honey. It is called 'nectar' by beekeepers. Honey itself is the nectar of flowers gathered, evaporated and modified by the bees, Root told me. Nectar, or the sweet as it is found in the flowers, is chemically the same as cane-sugar; but when the bees store it in their combs, and seal it over, it is then real honey. It consists of what is known as invert sugar, or about equal parts of levulose and dextrose, which means that it is in a form so that it can be absorbed without change into the human system.

"Then," I remarked, "according to what you have just said, bees do not gather honey; they make it. What do you mean when you say that the bees evaporate and modify the collected nectar?"

"The transformation of nectar into honey is a most interesting process," replied Root. "When a bee returns laden with nectar it may rest for a while or roam about the hive a bit. Finally however, it deposits the nectar in a cell. When the afternoon draws to a close the bees have what is called 'a period of fanning'—that is, they spread themselves out over the comb and fan the air with their wings. This causes the air to circulate through the hive and so evaporation of the water in the nectar is secured. When the evaporation of the water content is accomplished, the heat created by the bodies of the bees cures or ripens the stored-up honey. Unless the bees plan to eat the honey at once, they then seal over the cells full of the sweet liquid."

Mr. Root declares that actual weighings have shown that "it takes about 20,000 bees to bring in a pound of nectar, which is about four times the bulk of honey."

WHEN IT RUNS

"THE directions say to turn the handle clockwise. What does that mean?"

"How absurd! Don't you know the way your clock runs?"

"Sure, it runs down."

DON'T WORRY

ONE day at a time, conscientiously lived up to, will keep the eyes bright and the cheeks round and rosy. Don't begin to worry about things days beforehand. It will be time enough when they happen. It is the dread of what may come, not what is, that makes one old before the time. If you lie awake half the night worrying about something that is going to occur the next morning, you will be far less able to face bravely and work out the problem than if you had made an effort and thought of something else till sleep came. It is not half as hard as it sounds, and will grow easier every time you try it. Perhaps, after all, the disaster will not befall you, or will be less awful than you anticipated, and just think what a lot of unnecessary wrinkles you have worried into your face!

Another thing, don't torment yourself about what people are going to think about this and that action. No matter what you do or leave undone, some one will criticise you severely, and the very best rule for getting through life with comparative comfort is, after you have made up your mind as to the propriety and advisability of a certain course, pursue it calmly, without paying the slightest attention to the criticisms of the lookers-on from the outside. You see, just because they are on the outside, they can only see the surface. It does not matter in the least what they think.—*Ex.*

WAX FLOWERS

WHO has not admired the lovely apple blossoms, daisies, water lilies, and other wax flowers which are expensive to buy and seem hard to make? As a matter of fact, however, they are not hard to make. Purchase artificial cloth flowers, melt some paraffin, let it cool slightly, then dip the flowers in it, shaping the petals naturally as the wax cools. Stems and leaves also can be dipped in wax, or may be left uncoated. Two coats of wax, or perhaps more, may sometimes be necessary. With pure white flowers, a touch of yellow paint lightly brushed on from the center out over the lower portion of the petal is effective.

THE teacher had explained that an anonymous person was one who did not wish to be known. A little later in the lesson someone in the class laughed out loud and lessons were halted.

"Who laughed?" demanded the teacher.

"An anonymous person," promptly replied King Baggot, Jr. —*Los Angeles Times.*

THE TIPPING QUESTION

"HAVE you enough money to tip the waiter?"

"Yes, so little it's enough to upset him."

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE SPINDLE, THE NEEDLE, AND
THE SHUTTLE*(Adapted from a German fairy tale)*

A YOUNG girl, who had lost both parents in her infancy, lived in a little cottage at the end of the village, with an old woman who took care of her and brought her up to be industrious and pious. The maiden earned enough by spinning to support herself and the old woman.

When the girl was in her fifteenth year, the old woman fell sick, and one day called her to her bedside and said to her: "Dear daughter, I feel that my end is approaching, so I will leave you this cottage and all that is in it. Here you will have shelter from wind and weather; and with the needle, the spindle and the shuttle you can easily earn your bread." Then laying her hand on the maiden's head, she blessed her and said: "Keep God always in your heart, and you will never go wrong."

Not many days after this the old woman closed her eyes and died, and the poor girl followed her to the grave, weeping bitterly.

After this grievous loss the maiden lived in the little cottage quite alone, working diligently at her spinning and weaving, and the old woman's blessing seemed to rest upon all she did. No sooner had she finished weaving a piece of cloth or carpet, or had made a shirt, than a purchaser was quickly found who paid her well; so she had as much as she needed for all her wants, and a little also to spare for the poor.

It happened about this time that the son of the king of the country started on his travels to find a bride. The prince could choose for himself, except that he must not choose a poor maiden, though he himself did not care for riches. So he decided in his heart that he would try and find for a bride a girl who was at the same time both the richest and the poorest in the land.

When he arrived at the village near which the maiden dwelt, he inquired first for the richest young woman in the place, and, on being told, he then asked, "And which is the poorest?"

"The poorest is a maiden who lives at the end of the village in a little cottage all alone," was the ready reply. "Her cottage is easily found, for a winding path through a field leads to it."

The prince, in going to this cottage, rode through the village, and at the door of a stately house sat a girl richly dressed. As the king's son approached, she went out and bowed before him in a most courtly manner. The prince looked at her, but he said not a word, and rode on without stopping till he arrived at the house of the poor girl.

She, however, was not seated at the door, but was busily at work in her own little room. The prince drew rein, alighted from his horse, and peeped into the neat apartment. Just at that moment a ray of sunshine darted through the window, and lighted up everything within, so that he could see the maiden spinning at her wheel with the most earnest diligence and singing as she worked.

Presently she glanced up, and seeing a richly dressed young gentleman looking at her through the window, she cast down her eyes and continued her spinning, while her cheeks became covered with blushes.

Whether the threads were even and regular at that moment we cannot say, but she continued to spin without looking up again till the prince had remounted his horse and ridden away.

Then she rose and opened the window, saying to herself, "How very warm the room is today!" But she looked out and watched the stranger till she could no longer distinguish the white plume in his hat, and not till he was out of sight did she return to her spinning wheel and work as busily as ever.

Her thoughts were now on the handsome prince, although she knew not who he was; still, it was such an unusual event for a gentleman to look in at the window of her lonely cottage, that she could not forget it.

At last strange ideas came into her head, and she began to sing some curious words which the old woman had taught her:

"Spindle, spindle, run away;
Fetch my lover here today!"

To her astonishment, the spindle leaped from her hands that very moment, and rushed out of the house. She ran to the door and stood looking with wondering eyes after the magic spindle, for it was running and dancing quite merrily across the field, trailing behind itself a bright, golden thread. Presently it was lost to her eyes.

Having no longer a spindle, she took up her shuttle, seated herself, and commenced weaving. The spindle, meanwhile, kept on its way, and just as the thread came to an end, it overtook the prince.

"What do I see?" he cried. "The thread behind this spindle will lead me to good fortune, no doubt. I will trace it back."

So he turned his horse about and followed up the golden thread.

The maiden, who still worked on, thought presently of another of the rhymes taught her by the old woman, and she sang:

"Shuttle, shuttle, thou art free;
Bring my love home to me!"

Instantly the shuttle slipped from her hand,

ran to the doorsill, and there began to weave the most lovely carpet ever seen. In the very center, on a golden ground, appeared a green creeping plant, and around it bloomed blush roses and white lilies. Hares and rabbits appeared running upon it; stags and deer stood beneath trees, in which were many birds of beautiful colors. The shuttle sprang here and there, and the carpet seemed to grow of itself.

As the maiden had now lost both spindle and shuttle, she had only her needle left to work with, and while she sewed she sang:

"Needle, needle, while you shine,

Make the house look neat and fine!"

On the needle sprang from her fingers and flew about the neat little room as quick as lightning. It seemed as if a number of invisible spirits were at work, for the table and the benches were quickly covered with green cloth, the chairs with velvet, and curtains of silk damask were arranged on the windows and on the walls.

Scarcely had the needle finished the last stitch when the maiden saw through the window the white plume on the prince's hat, for he had followed carefully the golden thread till it reached her cottage.

He alighted from his horse and stepped upon the beautiful carpet. Then entering the room, he saw the maiden, who even in her homely dress looked as lovely as a wild rose.

"You are the one I seek," he said; "at once the poorest and the richest maiden in the world. Will you come with me and be my bride?"

She did not speak, but she held out her hand to him. He kissed the hand she offered, led her out, lifted her on his horse, and rode away with her to his father's castle. The marriage was shortly after celebrated with great splendor and rejoicings. The needle, the spindle and the shuttle were ever after preserved with great honor in the royal treasure room.

Once every year, however, they were brought out and shown to all the people that wanted to see them. We may be sure that there were not many maidens in the kingdom who did not find time to take a look at the implements which had raised an humbly born girl to the rank of princess.—*Black's Reader*.

AT AN INDIAN RAILWAY STATION

AN Indian railway station is a naïve mixture of the old and the new—civilization treading on the heels of superstition. In the big cities, such as Bombay, the stations themselves are a fairly good imitation of their London prototypes. In them you will find large ticket, telegraph and inquiry offices, bookstalls, electric luggage trucks, long platforms, and refreshment rooms. So much for the framework.

The figures in the picture, however, belong to

an earlier day of traveling, when the children of Israel were marching through the desert to the promised land. Men of every caste and creed, with turbans of every shape and hue,—Parsees in frock coats, cotton trousers, and shiny fish-shaped hats; erect Punjabi Mussulmans, walking with a swagger; soldiers in khaki wearing khaki turbans; white-clad "bearers" watching over their sahib's belongings like anxious hens over their brood; coolies staggering along with enormous loads balanced on their heads; a family squatting on the platform, and from its mother's arm two large black eyes set in a tiny brown face surveying the scene.

No one hurries; no one is impatient. It is doubtful whether the equivalent of the phrase "to catch a train" or "to miss your train" exists in the vernacular. In India you go to the "isteshun," and if you have just missed your train you squat on the platform, and sleep, eat and exchange views with your neighbors until the appearance of another train. You are always sure of having neighbors, however small the station, because here a station is almost as much a social meeting place as a means of coming and going. In fact, many up-country stations at a first glance look like some sort of open air hostel.

When the train arrives, innumerable hawkers collect like flies round the carriage window. A man with sticky sweetmeats in a wire cage balanced on his head, his wicker show stand tucked under his arm; a little Hindu boy with English magazines of doubtful age; men with trays of oranges, guavas, grapes, crying their wares in that ascending sing-song that trails off on a questioning note. At Jhansi a man sells dolls of all sizes; dressed in the gaudiest colors and braids, they sit stiffly on a tray poised on his head.

One particular scene will always remain with me. A gravel platform under the white hot glare of a noonday sun; scarlet flowers, and two white sleeping figures stretched out on the ground. A little boy is splashing under the pump. A tonga draws up outside the railings, and deposits its burden of veiled ladies. Like gayly plumed birds, in their green, red and yellow draperies, they flutter onto the platform and, with much jingling of bracelets and whispering, squat down in a circle. From the branch of a pipal tree is swinging a baby monkey, while its father, of wise and wizened face, sits at the trunk of the tree watching the train.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

THE EXCEPTION

HUSBAND (balancing the household budget): "I don't believe I've made one extravagant expenditure so far, dear."

Wife: "But what about that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago? We've never used it once."

RADIO RECIPE: A June bride asked her husband to copy the radio recipe one morning. The husband got two stations at once. One was radio casting morning exercises and the other the menu. This is what he got:

Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on shoulders, raise knees and depress toes, and wash thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. In four counts raise the lower legs and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve. Repeat six times. Inhale one-half teaspoon of baking powder and one cup of flour; breathe naturally, exhale and sift. Attention. Jump to a squatting position. Stretch lemon extract backward, forward, over head; and in four counts make a stiff dough that will bend at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Hop to a stand in boiling water, but do not boil into a gallop afterward. In 10 minutes remove, and dry with dry towel. Breathe naturally and dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup.—*Exchange.*

CAN YOU SMELL 36 INCHES?

LITTLE Dorothy's grandmother had an old-fashioned way of measuring a yard by holding one end of the goods to her nose and then stretching the piece at arm's length. One day little Dorothy found a piece of lace; carrying it to her grandmother she said gravely: "Grandmother, 'mell this and see how long it is."

SOME DAY HE'LL BE RIGHT

WHILE I was talking on the telephone, my boy, aged two and a half years, climbed up and said to my friend: "Mama bought me a new jack-knife."

He then ran and got the knife and held it across the mouthpiece of the phone and said: "Now you can see it."

DID YOU EVER WONDER?

TEACHER: "What does your mother use soap for?"

Willie: "That's what I'd like to know."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also letters offering to give books and magazines, should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.